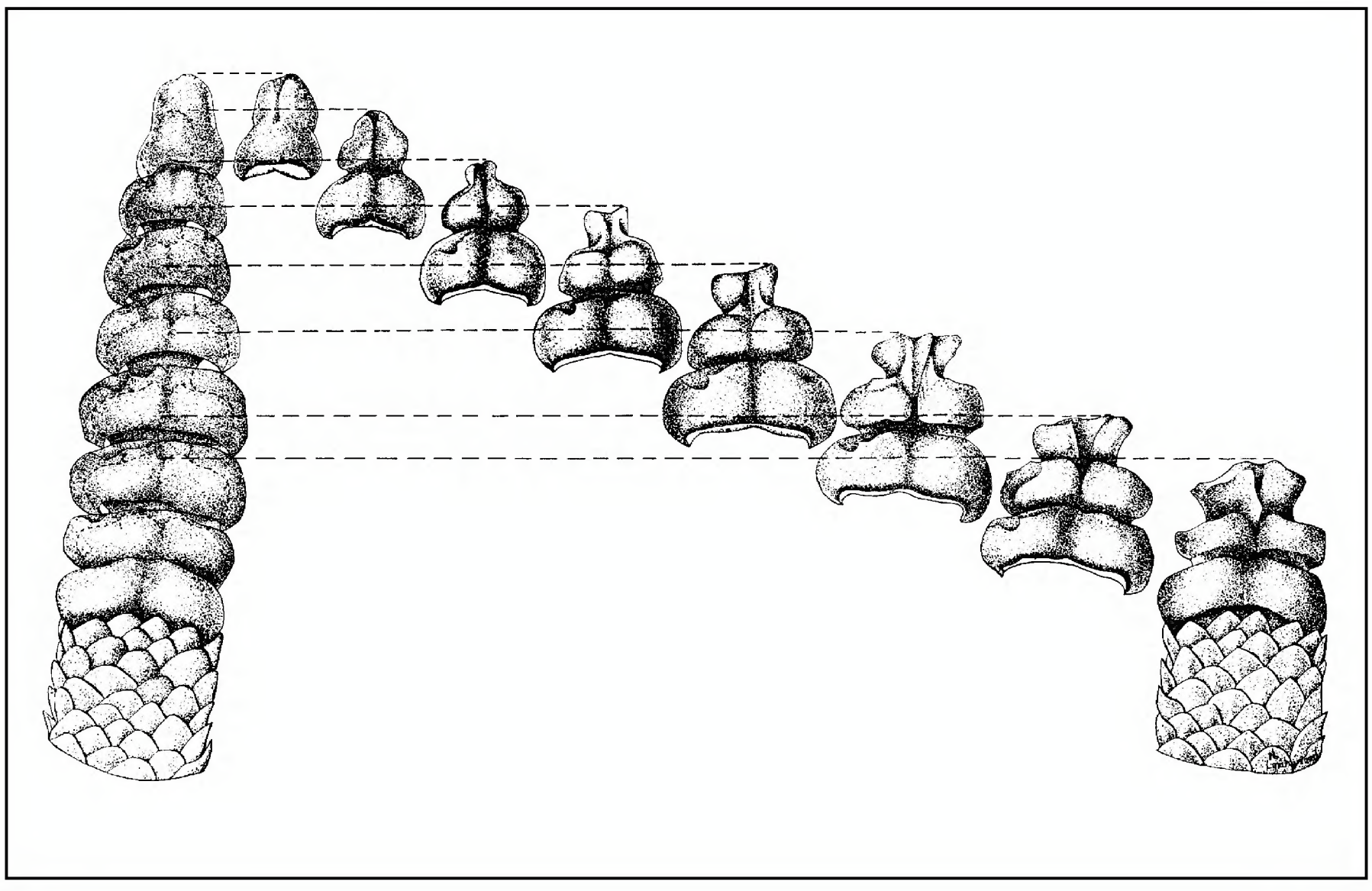
BULLETIN
of the
Chicago Herpetological Society

Volume 36, Number 8
August 2001



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Cover: Camera lucida tracings of the complete rattle of a juvenile Pacific rattlesnake (*Crotalus viridus oreganus*). The rattle is shown as a whole, as well as in its disarticulated form. Dotted lines connect tips of the same segments. From *Development and Growth of the Rattle of Rattlesnakes* by Arnold A. Zimmermann and Clifford H. Pope, 1948, Fieldiana: Zoology 32(6).

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The BULLETIN of the Chicago Herpetological Society (ISSN 0009-3564) is published monthly by the Chicago Herpetological Society.

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Bull. Chicago Herp. Soc. 36(8):157-164, 2001

Searching for Herps in Mexico in the 1930s — V

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Section Three, 1938–1940—Rozella's Version

The only resources at the present time revealing Rozella's thoughts about what was for her a two-year ordeal (however tolerated in usual good grace) are her journal and a published account of our collecting on Mt. Ovando. Both are here reproduced essentially as originally written, even though there are large gaps in the journal.

January 5, 1939. Córdoba, Veracruz.

After spending New Year's Eve in Orizaba, we moved on Jan 1 to Córdoba, where we had five comfortable days in a *casa de huéspedes* [boarding house] owned by a German (Max Carlenach) that provided superb food.

Smitty has spent his days at Cuautlapan, where with the assistance of the villagers he has collected fabulous numbers of specimens. The old Spanish road runs down to Cuautlapan and is worthy of mention and photographs.

Today Smitty spent the day at home, and we tied [tags to] *Bolitoglossa rufescens* all morning, bringing the total of that species to 1031. After lunch we went up to Orizaba forgetful of the siesta period and found all shops closed. The walk around town was nevertheless nice—booths of toys everywhere, anticipating celebration of Three Kings' Day tomorrow. After shopping for a gift for the Forbeses, we took a hop and skip through the market—as colorful as any. I like in particular the flower stalls—rich today in calla lilies, violets and gardenias.

By this time the shops were open, and leaving some film to be printed, we bought an alcoholometer and went to a gift shop to price a wine set marked 940. This turned out to be 45 pesos—a beautiful thing—black Bohemian glass cut in lovely simple lines. So we bought a chromium set for the Forbeses and the black one for ourselves. The man packed it very carefully for us and gave us a stamped receipt to show the customs.

Down to Cuautlapan again to count specimens which had been collected and to buy them. That process continued until after dark, with a half circle of interested locals looking on. It was quite a haul.

Since the road back to the highway was a slow one, we got out our guns, but we reached it with no mishaps. Home to initiate our new glasses with a spot of Potrero rum before dinner. Then to pickle for the rest of the night. Tomorrow back to Potrero.

January 6, 1939. Potrero Viejo, Veracruz.

Up to finish packing after a breakfast of eggs scrambled with tomato and chili. Paid our bill and off to Potrero. A stop on the way to peer under a couple of banana leaves where there were three *Bolitoglossa rufescens*, thus establishing their existence there.

At Potrero by lunch time, when we learned that we were to go to a party given by the Mosses that evening. That afternoon Leora Forbes had over 200 children there for a piñata—a noisy and colorful event.

A nice party at the Mosses—two cocktails—a small supper. Dolls in the cake indicated the next party giver. Smitty and I each drew one, but I put mine back into the next piece of cake. A chat with Mr. Moss's father who painted the murals in the St. Louis Zoo and who knew Noguchi [Editor's note: presumably the American sculptor and designer, Isamu Noguchi, and not the student of snake venoms, Hideyo Noguchi]. An evening of poker followed for Smitty (-$5.00), and Chinese checkers for me.

January 13, 1939. Córdoba, Veracruz.

Back in Córdoba again, much to our surprise and joy. What a trip we've had! While at Potrero one event worthy of note occurred when Smitty, Dyfrig Forbes and Gabino spent about two hours and collected 537 specimens.

Upon Dyfrig's suggestion, we went down to Cosolapa near Motzorongo. Dyfrig mentioned having driven down in three and one-half hours, but it must have been long ago. The road was unlike anything we have yet seen—it was hardly a road at all—just a burro trail. "Trucks do go over it," people told us, so we struggled on. Before reaching Motzorongo, approaching Omealca, we went down a steep rocky hill on one of the old Spanish roads, in order to cross a bridge, once portalled with a fine arch. Nothing remained of the latter but its base, all quite fern-covered.

After leaving Motzorongo, the burro trail crossed and recrossed the bare railroad tracks and finally limped across the last time to reach Cosolapa in Oaxaca.

Once there we sought out the hotel that Dyfrig had suggested and found an ornate, three-storied structure with pink stucco on the second story. The people in that region seemed very friendly and within minutes Smitty had become acquainted with everyone in town, all making helpful suggestions.

To reach the hotel we went down a cobblestone alley back of the building, and ascended a narrow stairway. Our room was tiny—a wee bed, washstand and table, a diminutive balcony and a view of magnitude and grandeur. Between the two hills back of us, to the west, was a break through which we could count six successive tiers of mountain ridges, each higher than the preceding, stretching off into the distance. At any time of day the view was most impressive.

Supper turned out to be scrambled eggs and beefsteak served by a cute, chubby, giggling waitress. All Mexican meals seem to include at least one delicious thing, no matter how mediocre others may be, and the chocolate in this place took the prize.

The next day we found that the good suggestions of the townsfolk didn't help much, because we could not drive more than 400 yards out of town except the way we came in. The railroad was the town's chief communication with the rest of

the world. There were trails to walk, but getting off of them was a sure way to become covered with ticks.

So we walked paths, not off of them. There was nothing in one bromeliad that we cut down a tree to access. Collecting was very poor. The path followed a pretty stream, and under a grand arch made by a huge banyan tree we found a pool that looked like a good place for the turtle traps. Having in mind shooting a bird for bait, I pulled sight on a rustle in the bushes. At the same time that I shot I suddenly realized that it was a big brown lizard, and a moment later a basilisk plunked to the ground.

A few feet above the pool we found the source of the stream—a lovely spring. So we brought our bedrolls, lunch and books and spent the afternoon there. While there a family came to bathe, and we didn't cramp their style at all and they had much fun splashing and swimming around. They even bathed their little white dog.

The next morning we were out in the field again, but by noon we were so covered by ticks that we went home, bathed and spent the afternoon at poker, bridge and beer. Our little waitress came up to ask if we wanted supper and was so taken with Smitty's anonymous birthday card that he gave it to her. She shouted gleefully at the translation.

After supper she followed us back upstairs, ostensibly to carry Chico's (our white pup) milk up, but really to get a drink of rum that we'd offered. She poured out a generous slug in a water glass, and after a taste decided to gulp it. We agree.

During the night it rained, and the following day looked dismal. At breakfast our little waitress wanted to know if we collected cockroaches, and she brought a huge one from the kitchen. We declined, so she turned it loose, agreeing that it was *bonito*.

So we headed back after a largely fruitless journey. We slid into a ditch on the road approaching Motzorongo, but while Smitty jacked us out I watched two bird trappers at work. Our real trouble however was at Omealca, going up that steep hill. We watched our tires going up in smoke, but even unpacking was of no help. A solicitous woman kindly informed us that three cars had slid off into the river trying to make it. Eventually others told us that there was another road out of town, through Hacienda San Miguel, thence to San Lorenzo. Although this was another case of no road, only a trail, at least it was more nearly level, and following it we finally reached the highway to Córdoba.

The vicinity of Cosolapa was indeed beautiful, but while we were there it seemed very oppressive, no doubt due to the heat and humidity that preceded the storm. Today, near San Miguel, the country seemed in a lighter mood, and my collecting urge was aroused by the sight of many bromeliads within reach, as well as by the cooler weather. Hacienda San Miguel seems to be the remains of a lovely place—we must ask Dyfrig about it.

So tonight we are settled in our comfortable *casa de huéspedes* in Córdoba. Tomorrow we go back to Potrero to pick up our stuff, and then to Tehuacán, which is where we "came in" on this part of our venture.

January 19, 1939. En route to Tehuacán, Puebla.

Starting to Tehuacán today, now halfway up the Acultzingo *cumbres* [heights], letting our motor cool. We've collected a bit around the *cumbres* these days.

February 2, 1939. Cuernavaca, Morelos.

We stopped twice on the road to and from Tehuacán, toward Puebla, but found everything too dry. On the road to Puebla we did get one lizard out of a cactus patch, but only after Smitty ran some in.

February 3, 1939. Cuernavaca, Morelos.

After packing night before last, we had only a little more to do this morning. So after breakfast Smitty settled the bill—185 pesos for 13 days. Not so bad, we decided. We later discovered that half of the cokes we had taken were not counted.

The Zeislers gave us a can of tomato juice as a parting gift, and after farewells we stocked up in the market for the next lap. Shooing off several little boys who wanted to carry my handsome new market bag, I carried it in myself. Our purchases were 4.4 lbs. potatoes, 50 centavos; 3 onions, 5 centavos; 3 lbs. meat, 70 centavos; 2.2 lbs peas, 35 centavos; 1 papaya, 25 centavos; 1 watermelon, 45 centavos—a total of two pesos and 30 centavos, or, in our money, 46 cents.

We didn't see the bucket of bugs again. Victor told us that some people like them plain, others prefer them with a bit of salt.

On our way south, we passed Smitty's collecting ground and his banana patch, and in a rocky canyon tried with no success to run down two huge iguanas.

Lunch at Taxco, and I was surprised to see what a small town it was. The highway passed along just the edge of it, but perhaps the huge Borda cathedral makes the rest of it seem diminutive. Smitty mentioned Berta's bar, and wondered whether we would find Alvin there. Taxco was an artists' colony, and Berta's bar was where artists congregated. The tourists went to look at the artists, the Indians went to look at the funny tourists, and everyone had a lovely time.

Out of Taxco and through the foothills it was dry—no foliage, and hot as hell. The road was under construction and at the Río Balsas it was too hot to get out of the car. So onward. At Ciudad Bravos (Chilpancingo) we stopped for gas, and noticed a stand selling fresh coconuts. As we left town we picked up a spiffed hitchhiker who wanted to go to the next town. Halfway there he bought us two lemonades and himself a couple of gallons of mescal. He was going to a fiesta and invited us to party but Smitty told him we didn't drink much. He was quite courteous even though armed and drunk, offering to pay us. We took his name and address because he told Smitty a tale about having two huge, three-meter snakes.

As we came into the mountains again it was getting dark and I was having my usual uneasy feeling about a strange place until I put my head out of the car and sniffed pine. My uneasiness vanished in the peaceful feeling I always have in pine country. We found a knoll to pull off onto where we were pretty much hidden from the road, at an uninhabited site called Agua del Obispo. Setting up camp Smitty pushed the pole through the top of the tent and then had to tie it.

Last night was full of noises. First it was the turtles in the car, and then a car stopped briefly on the road. Once Chico barked at Smitty, and at another time rattled the pans. But it was nevertheless a peaceful night. The moon was full and it was almost as light as daylight outside. It was a beautiful camping site.

This morning Smitty went off hunting after breakfast. Chico and I washed dishes and then shelled peas for an hour. We had one passerby but *Buenos Días* summed up the conversation. So I put the meat on and here we are sitting on a blanket in the shade of the tent flap, Chico working like hell on a *dulce.*

February 9, 1939. Acapulco.

Quite an experience to drop down out of the pines to the coast, and quite a thrill to see the Pacific ocean. Settled into a *casa de huéspedes* and spent our first afternoon on the beach. The next day we drove around the coastal hills on a narrow little road to a tiny settlement near Coyuca. There a fellow offered to take us out in his dugout canoe for two hours at a peso fifty to a place where there were iguanas. The dugout canoe was nice and bounced delightfully on the rough lake. Our guide remembered Mosauer and showed us the island in the lake where he had camped out.

Once out to the iguana spot, our guide slipped through the brush silently in his bare feet, speaking in whispers—rather futile precautions in view of our persistent firing of pistols at lizards. I scared out a huge snake that went swishing away in the swamp and defied my credibility in Smitty's eyes. No iguanas. So another half hour row up the lake to another spot, but once there the guide found it had been cleared so there was nothing left but swarms of gnats and lots of dead brush.

On the way home he deplored the fact that the coming of the tourists had scared game out of the country. Back to the village—a little thatch-roofed place in the palms. We paid the guide off and offered to buy turtles from him at 25 centavos each.

Back to the road again, we stopped at a pop stand and while drinking pop bought two coconuts. Then while on our way to find a shady place for lunch we passed a man carrying a shotgun and four little brown ducks. We bought two of them for 60 centavos. A little farther on we found a place to stop near four poles supporting a thatched roof. Finished our lunch with the coconut and decided that the South Seas may have something after all.

Home again. Spent the evening knocking geckos down off walls about town with a sack tied to the end of two turtle trap sticks tied together.

Today we went out on our private little beach, had a nice swim in our new swimsuits, finished with a duck dinner and a hunt for geckos with the lantern.

February 10, 1939. Acapulco, Guerrero.

This a day back in the hills, for a change from beaching, but finished with a game of dominoes on our little beach.

February 11, 1939. Acapulco, Guerrero.

Writing this while Smitty is negotiating for another crocodile skull in our little thatch-roofed village. At that point Smitty completed his negotiations and we drove down to La Playa to get another skull. Both are interesting, with tooth holes through the snout.

Another day and another part of the same village. The car is covered with kids, some permanent it seems, others transitory. They have just rooked me into buying a handful of idols which Smitty tells me are imitations, but what the heck—neither I nor a lot of others know the difference. Some I bought with some postcards. A handful of postcards fell out of a book and they just loved them. They look and look at them.

Business is a little slack just now. We picked up a good snake just this morning. Smitty is back . . .

February 12, 1939. Tierra Colorada, Guerrero.

Left Acapulco yesterday and got two iguanas a little way out of town. One was no work at all, and the other was a hell of a lot of work to dig out. So a stop at our coco stand was welcome and refreshing.

Then on to Tierra Colorada, where investigation of the only hotel showed a lousy room for two pesos. The place where we eat however provided a nice room for 1.5 pesos. Dirt floor, but it is large, with two big cots, a table and washstand but room to move around in, making it superior to our room in Acapulco.

This morning we went a little way out of town and had a swell morning collecting. I got an iguana with my little shot pistol after sneaking up on him. Before lunch we had 107 specimens. Lunch was held up a trifle when a highway patrol stopped and talked to us. He was an awfully nice fellow and had the impression that we made three million a year. He told us that he made pesos and realized that it was more in Mexico than $5 a day in USA. He talked with us for a long time but finally tore himself away.

After lunch, back home to pickle and tag our stuff. The crowd of small boys who went collecting geckos with Smitty last night have been noisily in the house ever since. One brought a *Ctenosaura pectinata* that he had stunned with a slingshot. They made a lot of amusing comments—one that when we get these animals to the museum we bring them back to life. Another that we feed our dog tortillas but we eat only bread and wine.

They are ganging up in front of the house (those who can't get inside), waiting impatiently for night and time to go collecting again.

It was a pretty place where we collected today—up a little rocky canyon, where I saw five ctenosaurs, aside from the one I got. While we were eating lunch Smitty stopped bopping the coconut and shot a ctenosaur a little smaller than the one I got. People are curious, as ever, about what we want the lizards for—medicine or to eat? I asked Smitty if they know what a museum is and he said they usually mistake the word for museum for the word for breakfast.

February 14, 1939. Tierra Colorada, Guerrero.

Started out this morning with quantities of kids on the car who wanted to go. When asked why they were not in school, they replied that they were working. But we finally shooed

them off and drove out of town toward Mexico City. A few shots at a big iguanas that ducked. Didn't chase it. It is hot as hell here around noon. On to a point a little beyond Julian Blanco and hunted a bit, but only got ten lizards, mostly *Cnemidophorus deppei*, and decided to come home. Driving home Smitty shot two huge iguanas (ctenosaurs). They were grand, sitting monarch-like on their rocks, bobbing their heads. We stopped a while to photograph them—much fun.

Home to skin the iguanas. Smitty skinned them while I dressed in his "Martin Johnson" pants [a type of shorts popularized by tropical explorer Martin Johnson and his wife], much to the amusement of his small boy audience. So far both of us have worn them, but neither of us has ventured out of doors in them.

The cook here agreed to cook the ctenosaurs for us, so we looked forward to dinner. One of them measured 46 inches.

Then we walked up to the pile of rocks above town to photograph the type locality of *Phyllodactylus delcampi*. I asked Smitty to peer into the rocks for me and while peering he shot with a shout yelling a new *Sceloporus*, ultimately named *S. stejnegeri*. It was a cute little fellow with a bright green head. So we scrambled around on the rocks hunting more, without success.

The iguana turned out to be delicious and we are to have more tomorrow.

This evening we took one of the kids and went to our no. 1 spot. We found no *P. delcampi* but plenty of *P. lanei*, and I got one tiny little *lanei* with a wee yellow tail. Smitty found a *Basiliscus* and let me shoot it. We have quite a number to pickle and tag now so . . .

February 20, 1939. Cuernavaca, Morelos.

Back to Cuernavaca again and have been here for five days, putting off leaving from day to day, each time for good reasons. The Zeislers were glad to see us, and celebrated with a drink or two, but we were so tired and dirty that we went right to bed and didn't get up until eleven the next morning, when Victor, who had waited breakfast for us, called us.

It has been a nice stay this time. We have some new friends, a Dr. Bocart and his Indian wife. The doctor is Swiss and we are all having to get used to him but we like him well enough. He is suffering just now with ulcers in his right eye, left by malaria. But he has been all over Mexico and tells quite interesting tales. His wife is most intelligent, widely read and speaks four languages. They talked to us for a long time while we were fixing our lizards, and were quite interested in them.

Their stories and views on Mexico are quite interesting, although I prefer their stories. We had a long bullfest over highballs in the Zeislers' room last night and as no one was in agreement with my point of view I came away rather disgusted. The gist of the bullfest was the same as so many others I have listened to: "The country is in a hell of a shape." And what's the solution? They could not be pinned down. "The country is not rich in natural resources," claimed the doctor, "when only one seventh of the land is tillable. Of course it has silver, but who wants silver—who wants cotton, coffee or bananas?" They seemed in agreement that although Indians have gained a certain amount of dignity through the breakdown of the hacienda system, they are infinitely worse off economically. Agrarians who now have the land won't cultivate even enough for their own needs, and as a result their staples, corn and beans, have to be imported at an almost prohibitive price. Of course that is sad, but it is a natural reaction to do nothing with freedom after working like hell in servitude. Eventually the Indians will learn to raise enough for their own needs, and then the country should be rich enough to support itself. In reality, however, we ourselves have yet to see the Indians in the country in dire need. They seem to have enough. The doctor would see them educated, would raise their standard of living—and in the process would raise their needs and wants. So doing could well lower them economically and make them discontented. I wished that I could remember T. E. Lawrence's comment on trying to make another culture something it is not.

So much for points of view, which taken just as points of view and not facts are okay. As for the stories, the one about cotton promotion is fascinating. It seems that Cárdenas himself supervised everything about a huge cotton project up north. The workers were supposed to be paid through the bank. But the bank sold the cotton and dissolved.

I liked their tales about Tehuantepec, where in some parts the women do all the work, choose their husbands themselves, manage their money, etc. Three times each year a huge feast is given, the men get drunk, and all of the babies are born at about the same time. Blonde, blue-eyed men passing through are often asked for children.

The doctor's wife told me that the place where Wetmore [Director of the U.S. National Museum] was going is one of the most beautiful in Mexico. So we would like more than ever to go there. There was quite a bit of talk about German infiltration and we were told that the revolution in San Luis Potosí was of German origin. They hate the Nazis and next the English. "The English can't colonize," was one of their claims. "Hell," I retorted, "they've done it"—and to that there was no reply.

We had an amusing day yesterday, however. We went to the caves of Cacahuamilpa with them, shooting ctenosaurs along the way, much to the delight of the doctor's wife. We shot them off of fences and altogether got six. But once at the cave we had to wait half an hour before we could get in—and then once in they advised us that they wouldn't let us out for two hours. Bellita was furious—she let loose at the soldiers in a 15-minute torrent of Spanish invective that was a marvel to behold. The doctor finally obtained a permit to leave, and a soldier led us out with Bellita throwing rocks at him all the way. The soldier was understandably put out, and complained ruefully to his captain that he had been called an idiot and was attacked by this irate woman, and that something should be done about it. The captain fortunately seemed pacifically inclined.

Today we have come up to the mountain lakes. They are beautiful. High in the pine forests—seven of them (Zempoala). We walked around to No. 4—a hell of a walk. The two Indian boys who accompanied us had an idea that we wanted tadpoles—so the trip to the lake was a fizzle so far as axolotls were concerned, which were what we really were after. But,

we discovered a new *Sceloporus* there (*S. sugillatus*) that still, 60 years later, has never been reported again. We were shooting in a National Forest—a no-no, but other people have been doing it too. It was nevertheless one of the most beautiful and mysterious spots we have ever seen.

March 5, 1939. Toluca, México.

List of groceries from the market:

	pesos	dollars
1.5 kilos meat	1.50	.30
2 papayas	.60	.12
2.5 kilos bananas	.30	.06
5 oranges	.20	.04
6 calabashes	.20	.04
2 kilos potatoes	.30	.06
1 cabbage	.20	.04
mameys	.40	.08
4 ears corn	.20	.04
	3.90	.78

March 11, 1939. Uruapan, Michoacán.

This way behind, but a few incidents are memorable, along the route Cuernavaca–Mexico City–Toluca–Pátzcuaro–Uruapan.

1. First, the new camera in Mexico City, replacing the one that fell into a bog near Zempoala.

2. Meeting Wetmore and Stewart, the National Geographic photographer. Dinner with them several times, once at Sanborn's, where Wetmore talked and talked about how lovely it is to have American cooking after a time in the sticks.

3. We could not go with them because there are already too many people there.

4. He may join us when he comes out.

5. Scoured the surrounding lakes for axolotls. Fair luck. One town nice. Selling them in the market cooked in corn husks—looked and smelled delicious (Zumpango).

6. Amusing experience in Toluca with a fisherman running after the car.

7. Cold camp outside of Toluca. Indians drunk and singing all night. Frost on tent in morning. Several turtles from our traps.

8. Beautiful, warm, two-night camp in the mountains. Lovely—few lizards—one skink.

9. Over mountains and desert to Pátzcuaro. Most beautiful spot yet. Stayed in *casa de huéspedes*. Boat ride on the lake to an island (Janitzio) of fishing villages. Tarascan Indians—quite picturesque—very colorful lake—lovely. Motor broke down on boat in lake.

10. Second day hunted lizards outside of town in the morning. Went down to lake shore and walked around edge with boatman hunting garter snakes—found two. Smitty jumped into deeper water than he expected.

11. Morning of third day—no *ajolotes* [*Ambystoma dumerilii*] brought in—found that trout had been stocked in the lake—*ajolotes* a vanishing species. Tough. It is a unique species, limited to that lake.

12. Goop at lake told us about another snake hunter and had us looking all over town for ourselves. Americans all look alike to Indians.

13. Morning hunting snakes—none forthcoming. Lunch at the lake shore hotel—good lunch.

14. Afternoon to Uruapan—settled in the Hotel Progreso in order to visit with Marian Storm. Nice place. Last evening spent talking with her. This morning hunting in grove near station—*Sceloporus grammicus* and *S. asper* on the trees.

March 12, 1939. Uruapan, Michoacán.

Out to the Zaráracua falls with Miss Storm in the morning. Afternoon hunting in the garden of the Quinta Hurtado.

March 16, 1939. Outside Apatzingán, Michoacán.

Left Uruapan on Monday with our small guide, Antonio Cervantes, after getting gas, marketing, etc. On the mountains far from Uruapan a tire went down. I hunted a bit while Smitty and Antonio worked on the tire. No luck—the mountains were dry and dusty.

The next morning we drove on a few kilometers and found a camp spot between an irrigation ditch and a small stream, within sight of Apatzingán in the far distance. The lizard life seemed prolific there, but while Smitty was out hunting the rear tire punctured again—just sitting. So Antonio scouted the next day in Apatzingán, but could get neither tube nor patches. So we decided he could board the *camión* [truck] for Uruapan the next morning.

We seem to bring ill fortune to people named Antonio, for our little boy picked up what he thought was an empty cartridge, hit it with a hammer, and blew birdshot by his thumb. We were both relieved to see that he had a whole hand, but the exact nature of the wound wasn't evident until we had washed the blood out. To our surprise, all we found were two little cuts over the knuckle of the thumb. One had clipped the thumb branch of the radial artery and there was a lot of bleeding until Smitty held his finger over the radial in the wrist and it stopped. We bandaged it up and turned in with the warning that if he felt it bleeding again he should be sure to call us.

In the morning the *camión* carried Antonio off. Smitty went hunting while I washed the dishes and stove. Smitty had bought some eggs and I'd made a little icebox by putting stones in the can, then the eggs, and sinking it in the stream. My can had disappeared, a fact over which I was brooding when Smitty reappeared from hunting, having found the can. He fixed it for me so it wouldn't float off again.

Then we spent the afternoon playing cards in the only shady spot nearby—on the bank of the irrigation ditch. It was rather a pretty ditch, built up with cobblestone sides and edged with elephant-ear plants, In the afternoon we waded several times to cool off. A woman came in with a chicken to sell for a peso and we bought it.

Around dark another woman came in and asked whether she could buy an aspirin. We gave her three—also some pyramidin. She told us that one of her three girls vomited blood at each menstrual period and had a terribly distended abdomen. Sounds queer. Then she added that her little boy has had malaria badly for years, so we gave her some quinine.

As Smitty was fixing a turtle he heard a rustle in the leaves. Investigating with a flashlight, he found a coral snake right beside the tent. As we were eating dinner, I lifted up the food box and a *Rana* jumped into his lap. What a place! It looked rather like rain in the afternoon and the ditch and stream began

to rise. Finally the ditch ran over and cut a channel down to the stream. It began to taper off before we went to bed. We took the lantern out hoping for more snakes but no such luck—only two more frogs.

This has been a nice collecting site, but it's a hell of a country—blackflies, mosquitoes, malaria, black reduviid Hemiptera that like to bite lips, etc., etc. Terrible! It's hot and dry and away from the stream the brush is very dry. Plenty of lizards, however. If Antonio gets back safely today, we leave tomorrow—I hope.

March 20, 1939. Apatzingán, Michoacán.

Antonio got back all right on the *camión*, and he and Smitty fixed the tires with the two vulcanized tubes. A truck had stalled across the stream with tire trouble—a truckload of pigs that took a break bedding in the stream.

April 21, 1939. Lawrence, Kansas.

It certainly seems like more than a month since Antonio returned with the inner tubes, for that month included the trip to Guadalajara and Lawrence. We had another huge shipment of specimens to send to Washington. These two weeks in Lawrence we've spent working, studying some of the specimens, and I have some reading done. We've been out to dinner, played bridge, seen shows and had a marvelous time. Last night we played bridge with the Hibbards and when the talk got around to jade, etc., Hibbie offered to look up semi-precious stones for me in his mineralogy book. So over the museum this A.M. to get data.

May 2, 1939. Mexico City.

After catching up on the mail in the embassy, and stocking up on supplies, we headed for Córdoba and Potrero Viejo.

May 6, 1939. Veracruz, Veracruz.

Left Potrero May 5. On May 6 we awakened early with a baggage worry and streetcars clanging. At eight the boy who had our baggage stubs, who was to have been here at seven, had not appeared. No sign of him when we finished eating at nine. We spotted our bags in the station, however, and by the time Smitty had dashed around to get the aid of the American consul the boy showed up. He and three others held us up for eleven pesos for carrying our luggage over. In the search for the boy we described him and as I flexed my arm in a "stout" gesture our listeners alertly said "Uh huh, fat."

Shopped for alcohol and formalin and sat in a drug store a seemingly endless time while they were deciding whether or not we could have it. A constant stream of beggars passed through, each receiving a centavo or two from the druggist's little boy at the cash register.

After buying groceries, we had lunch at an outdoor cafe, where we were run out by the waiter. Afternoon walking around the docks—a German boat and a Spanish boat were in. Found our boat after a long walk. A trim craft. Invested in a hypodermic syringe and home. A shower and to the Hotel Diligencia for cokes, dominoes and finally supper. Incident of the perfume was the most fun of the day, starting at 200 pesos and winding up at one.

May 9 to 15, 1939. Veracruz, Veracruz.

Awakened one morning by booming of American gunboats. the current rumors about town—one that some German gunboats were coming and the U.S. Navy wanted to be in port first. Second, "Wah, we are going to have to give back the oil!" [American oil companies had been recently expropriated by the Mexican government.]

Acquainted first with the bo'sun of the *Monterrey*, our boat, who told us that the trip took 33 hours and advised bringing our luggage aboard by seven in the evening of the following day. We met the purser shortly afterwards, and he said that the trip took 18 hours and to be aboard by noon.

For some reason, Dyfrig's friend was reluctant to get the tickets, as though maybe the boat would never leave. We spent hours playing dominoes, waiting in the Diligencias. An episode of chocolate sticks and vanilla.

Finally sailed at 8:30 P.M., May 9. The harbor lights made night sailing pretty. Waited to be seasick but to bed okay. Up at 6:00 A.M., nothing but lead-colored sea, the sunrise making strange colors. An occasional jellyfish in the water. Into Puerto México early. Walked about town, but spent most of the day in the boat playing cards. An incident of the drunk engineer, delayed. Met friend of the Satterthwaites on his way to inspect forests. Watched dolphins.

Away to Frontera in the evening, arriving while getting up. At the Hotel Costra—walking in the square—drinking chocolate heavy with vanilla flavor. Incidents of the bedbugs, and of catching geckos. The bo'sun contributed a *Bufo marinus*. Prices horrible—30 centavos for cigarettes, bought 100 packs. Alcohol 7.5 pesos/liter.

Took a big stern-wheeler river boat, the *Carmen*, leaving on Saturday. Attempted to stay on the shady side of the boat as it wound up the river in one direction then another. River banks sliding past—looking for iguanas—*no hay*. Birds of all sorts—a gray-backed kingfisher with a yellow breast. Four huge orange birds flying into the deep blue of the sky above the sunset.

Arrived in Ciudad del Carmen, Campeche, a little pink city, on Sunday, learned that we have to stay there two days before the *Carmen* takes off again for Tenosique, Tabasco. Cocomilk in the shade of a stall, an afternoon nap on deck, an evening of seeing the movies, one of them Robin Hood.

May 23, 1939. Piedras Negras, Guatemala.

Arrived in Tenosique May 18. A memorable turtle stew on board the *Carmen*, containing plantains, almonds, olives, raisins, green vegetables and a cockroach antenna. We were met by a Mr. Moss, a Scotch Spaniard, who took us about town and helped us make arrangements with Don Francisco Villanueva for mules. Due to *cargador* trouble, our baggage couldn't be taken off of the *Carmen* at once. The immigration officer requested our presence and because our tourist cards were marked Mexico City he was surly, but finally let us off with a charge of $3.50 for the interview.

I rode a big brown mule as we headed for Piedras Negras, while Smitty had a little gray one. The latter wasn't so hot because she had to be whipped to keep up with the walking pace of the other mules. Out of Tenosique we were right into forest with amazing vegetation on all sides. Big red berries, little

blue ones, bamboo, prickly palm—it was fun. Soon we were in hills, and going up and down trails that no horse could have managed. Flat climbing cactus covered the tall trees, and a type of wandering Jew grew with its leaves closely in contact with the trunk of the host tree. As time passed, there were many impressive sights—a huge cockroach, a great white butterfly, blue morphos, red screaming macaws, and howler monkeys.

After seven hours in the saddle, we camped under a lime tree on the river. It was so cold that we were up before dawn to be on our way after Smitty had a river bath to wash the skeetax [mosquito repellant] out of his pores.

Arrived in Piedras Negras May 20, and missed the warm welcome that had been planned for us, because mule boy #1 had announced we were not coming, as a good joke. The nut.

We were damned tired, but had a shower and a wonderful lunch. We had nine mules. And over half of our luggage had been left in Tenosique.

Our house was lovely—the camp beautifully situated—but no use to go into that now. We inadvertently offended the Guatemala agent here, Don Victor, by not offering our papers before shooting. The affair was smoothed over, however, and he nailed a visa on our passport.

Since then things have been going smoothly here. Smitty made a foray into Mexico today, across the river (Usumacinta) in Chiapas. We have 24 species already. It rained a bit today in the afternoon.

Our expenses traveling from Tenosique to Piedras Negras:

cargo mules	130.00 pesos
saddle mules	40.00
extra man	12.00
store stuff	27.25
Tenosique meals	3.50
Tenosique room	4.00
luggage off *Carmen*	7.50
gasoline	13.50
freight	10.00
	247.75

May 25, 1939. Piedras Negras.

Smitty out last night to hunt with Aristeo. He has been quite a constant companion, taking Smitty across the river, going out in the afternoon, etc. Mrs. Satterthwaite (wife of the archaeologist here, Dr. Linton P. Satterthwaite) and I wrote letters on the porch. Hearing six rapid shots, and a cry like a cat—then silence—I resolved not to let Smitty go out alone again. But he came in soon because the lantern was acting up, knowing nothing about shots and not having even heard them. One snake and 20 frogs, some insects for me—one of the big cockroaches I've been wanting. Watched a little toad hop around on the porch floor eating insects. So to bed, fairly late. Aristeo was 20 minutes late calling us this morning. Howler monkeys howling a bit.

May 26, 1939. Piedras Negras.

Smitty home all morning to pickle specimens. Aristeo in with a new species of hylid resembling *Smilisca baudini* (*Smilisca cyanosticta*). A walk around the ruins in the afternoon—quite interesting. Linton scornful of the concept of zero. Several sacrificial stones with smoke still on them. Discussed the evidences that these people met with a violent end—that is, the priests did. Discussed date stones. All Mayan records stopped within 100 years of each other.

Rain began shortly after supper and continued most of the night—6 in. A bad night with my bites—so up late this morning. Mist hanging on the mountains across the river. It is eight o'clock and the sun is just now appearing.

May 27, 1939. Piedras Negras.

Spider monkeys playing in the trees across the river.

May 28, 1939. Piedras Negras.

A fight between Aristeo and another worker over eating a graham cracker and singing the national anthem.

May 29, 1939, Sunday. Piedras Negras.

The Guatemala agent spiffed all day. A letter home to his government about us. Nuts. Bridge a bit this evening and up to write letters to send out this morning.

May 30, 1939. Piedras Negras.

Out with Smitty this morning. Shot only one basilisk—got very few insects, for it is still very, very wet. Little fungi are springing up and spreading around. Horseflies are a damned bother on the trail. Saw a brown tail disappearing in the leaves and am tormented with the thought that it may have been a snake. Smitty spotted a banded lizard and has been stalking it in a little rock ledge all afternoon. Went by the diggings to see the men at work.

June 1, 1939. Piedras Negras.

I can't sleep these nights from tick bites—they itch horribly. I'd much rather have poison ivy. I've been waking up every night around 12 and staying awake until 2 or past. But sleep at best is erratic. I can see how people on long tropical expeditions get so they won't speak to each other. The Satterthwaites told of an expedition that came through there once, only half of whom spoke to each other; the photographer didn't speak to anyone, not even to them.

This morning after breakfast I came down and slept in the hammock until 8:30, and that took the edge off of my midnight grouch I had awakened with earlier.

After that I read until lunch. I've been studying the Leica manual a bit, but the good stuff in it is so sandwiched between gobs of generalities that it is hard to find. A lazy period after lunch. Peggy's (Mrs. Satterthwaite's) bible—the Burroughs Wellcome handbook—suggests eating lightly in the tropics and never sleeping after lunch. I believe they have something there. I've been eating too damned much.

Then went out to the ruins with Smitty, getting a few pictures on the way. Took pictures of Linton taking pictures—our first archaeologist—and he took pictures of us—his first tourists. But it clouded up, getting ready to rain, so I came home—plenty of days with good sun. It is quite cloudy now and I'll be glad when it does rain—for the past few days it has been tense with a feeling of rain but no relief. There evidently has been rain farther up the river, for it has been rising the last two days, making two little islands out of the bank of rocks on this side. A few pictures around camp this morning.

Last night was a mail-off night and everyone was irritable among the bugs and lanterns. Our argument started about the ring around the moon—the largest ring I had ever seen. Bill (an archaeology student) held out that it meant rain, and the ring was formed of ice particles. Linton hollered that it was a myth. Peggy asked that if they were ice particles, why don't they fall? Just before I came down to the house Linton shouted from the office "Goddamn it, there are ghosts in the house!"

One of my bites at the tip of my sacrum feels like a bot. I swear I can feel it wiggling around. I left Smitty out with Aristeo—hope he comes in soon. There's a hint of thunder and the howlers are raising the devil. I'll have my shower with him and have him look at my wriggling bite.

Aristeo brought in one of those weird snakes today that look like hybrids between coral snakes and racers, marked with red, yellow and black rings on the fore part of the body, but plain brown otherwise (*Scaphiodontophis*). Smitty found a cave the other day but it led to nothing. We had visions of a swank burial filled with jade and stuff. Only one bat in it.

If it rains tonight I'm going out in the morning and try to get some dew pictures. I want to spend a morning in the forest and among other things try to get some leaf cutter ants. They are pretty when they have been cutting little flowers a quarter of an inch across, and they look like a little army of reds when they have been attacking red leaves.

June 2, 1939. Piedras Negras.

Last night after a few hands of bridge Smitty and I played hell until ten o'clock. We were both pretty sleepy by then but I took a pyramidon tablet and as a result slept more peacefully than I have for some time. So today I feel more like a human being.

Read the Leica manual and had a short nap from breakfast time to chocolate time.

Then went out with Smitty to take some pictures around the ruins. Rubbed some soot off of the altar stone in K5-2 which I am pinning here. We climbed to the top of the acropolis after some bromeliads (with nothing in them) and wandered among the rooms and hallways. Everything was slick this morning because yesterday, fulfilling the promise of the last few days, it rained like hell in the afternoon and evening too. While Smitty was taking the bark off of a huge log (where he found two *Lepidophyma flavimaculatum*) I browsed a bit and picked up a few bugs. While doing this one of those huge buprestids which are thick here flew over. They certainly make you duck! Smitty picked one off of a tree this morning.

Upon the Burroughs Wellcome suggestion I ate a very light lunch and felt better all P.M. Cleaned up the house after Smitty went out, burying the iguana skull that we got the other day and throwing the one that the boys shot yesterday away. They were cute about it: Alberto the cook, José the mess boy and Guadalupe came after some .22 bullets to shoot in the rifle. They were having such fun that I trotted out with the 25-20. After several rounds of practice Alberto hit the iguana with the first shot and knocked him down with the second. Nice going for it was in a tree on the hillside pretty far up.

Washed my hair and had a bath. Smitty came home with some orchids for me. Two kinds—one in bloom, a deep purple and pale green. It looks like rain again and is beginning to get stuffy. Smitty is off to the shower, having finished pickling. He is talking of an overnight trip tomorrow—I hate to see him go off. Guess I'll look up one of the books on the ruins here until supper time.

Teófilo just brought in a young *Celestus rozellae* on which Smitty desires to record the following notes: middorsal stripe black or dark brown, each scale with a dim bronze fleck; dorsolateral light stripes iridescent bronze on body, greenish bronze on head; light spots on sides of body slightly lighter and slightly greenish; lips cream; entire under side of body blue—sky blue anteriorly, slightly greenish blue posteriorly; tail bronze above, bluish below, yellowish toward base.

June 7, 1939. Piedras Negras.

On Monday, June 5, in the afternoon Smitty went up to "the lake" with Aristeo, where they had their supper and fixed an old cayuca. They rowed out on the lake after dark, hunting crocodiles whose eyes they could shine with their headlamps. The cayuca sank suddenly, and Smitty thought that was the end, for he couldn't swim and was heavily weighted down with gun, machete, boots, heavy clothing, headlamp—the works. But Aristeo saw him down under the water, grabbed his hair and pulled him up, whereupon he let out an involuntary scream he could not stop. Finally under control, they hung on to the overturned cayuca and pushed it to shore, but then were lost, scrambling around with only one very dim light that eventually went out. They didn't get home until after 2:00 A.M.

Today Smitty and I walked up to the hummingbird nest to take some pictures. The little birds had hatched—cute as the dickens—little blind fellows with a few hairlike feathers on their backs. We shot several pictures and it was hard to stop taking them. Not much in the way of animals—a snubnosed *Anolis*—but the walk was worth it. The leafcutter ants are fun to watch. Ones we saw were working on orange flowers and their processions were beautiful. They got over all sorts of obstacles, including a log over which they climbed in such a route that part of the way they were upside down. Aristeo claimed that soldiers of the group were used as sutures.

Spent the afternoon lazily. The boys (not Smitty) took the 25-20 across the river and brought back a howler monkey. It had beautiful, silky black fur. Alberto told us the 25-20 was *muy bruto* [very powerful] for the monkey was shot in the side and the bullet on emerging tore a leg off. They skinned it for us but the skull was too badly damaged to keep. I'd like to see some alive.

Tomorrow we go with Don Victor to Desempeña for three days. Plan to camp at the lake Saturday night. Suggested at dinner that Aristeo might like to join us Saturday night, but was immediately jumped on by Linton who took the attitude that we wanted to rob him of his best man. Decided that Linton doesn't like us, a regard that is mutual. Agreed that Peggy is swell. Smitty is ready for bed—he's been pickling a turtle. The boys brought in a beautiful *Corytophanes cristatus* from across the river.

To be continued

Bull. Chicago Herp. Soc. 36(8):165-167, 2001

Book Review: Selections from *Biology of the Reptilia*

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In 1969, the inaugural volume of the series entitled *Biology of the Reptilia* was published. The primary mover and general editor for the entire project was Dr. Carl Gans, who was at that time professor of biological sciences at the State University of New York in Buffalo. Later, he became professor of biology at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Now he is an adjunct professor at the University of Texas at Austin. His vision was to produce a timely and comprehensive series of books dealing with all aspects of reptilian biology. He was well qualified for overseeing the project for his range of scientific investigation is broad: functional morphology, systematics of creatures as diverse as amphisbaenians and egg-eating snakes, biomechanics, comparative anatomy—to name but a few of his interests. To accomplish his goal, he solicited specialists to prepare chapters reflecting their areas of expertise. To maintain high quality, he invited coeditors versed in morphology, embryology and physiology, or ecology and behavior; his editorial colleagues are noteworthy for their contributions in their specific areas of interest.

Nineteen volumes have been published, which represent the most complete coverage of these topics ever compiled. There is much of interest for the advanced herpetoculturist who wishes to go beyond current husbandry literature in an effort to understand the principles and dynamics of the processes which reflect the complexities of their captive charges. Admittedly, to purchase all nineteen volumes would represent a sizeable financial investment but the value of such a purchase is inestimable. Two volumes have been published by the University of Chicago Press and are reviewed below.

Sensorimotor Integration. Biology of the Reptilia. Volume 17, Neurology C. Edited by Carl Gans, coedited by Philip S. Ulinski. 1992. viii + 781 pp., 115 halftones, 177 line drawings, 17 tables. Includes bibliographies and indexes. Cloth: ISBN 0-226-28118-3. $92.00. Paper: ISBN 0-226-28119-1. $42.50.

This is the third volume in the series covering topics mostly of the nervous system, including information on sensory paths. The first chapter, written by Ellengene H. Peterson is arranged in three parts: (1) retinal elements, (2) construction of information channels: retinal circuitry, (3) assembly of information channels: the retina as a whole. In the next chapter, Alan M. Granda and David F. Sisson describe retinal function in turtles. Jacques Repérant, Jean-Paul Rio, Roger Ward, Stéphane Herguerta, Dom Miceli and Michel Lemire present a comparative analysis of the primary visual system of reptiles. The Optic Tectum is addressed by Philip S. Ulinski, Dennis M. Dacey and Martin I. Sereno. Since herpetoculturists may maintain representatives of two groups of snakes (families Boidae and Viperidae), the section on infrared receptors by Gerard J. Molenaar should be particularly relevant (see pages 434-441). The final chapters on muscle spindles, tendon organs and joint receptors by Alan Crowe, cerebellum by Hans J. ten Donkelaar and Gesineke C. Bangma, and neuropeptides in the nervous system by Anton J. Reiner round out the volume.

Hormones, Brain, and Behavior. Biology of the Reptilia. Volume 18, Physiology E. 1992. xiv + 564 pp. Edited by Carl Gans, coedited by David Crews. Includes bibliographies and indexes. Cloth: ISBN 0-226-28122-1. $86.50. Paper: ISBN 0-226-28124-8. $41.00.

This book is important to fanciers for understanding the interaction of hormones, brain and behavior, as outlined by Crews and Gans in the initial chapter. Recently these elements have assumed great importance in captive breeding programs, based on work done during the past few decades (see Crews and Garrick, 1980; Crews et al., 1994; Moore, 1994 for reviews). Physiological regulation of sexual behavior in female reptiles by Joan M. Whittier and Richard Tokarz (pp. 24-69), and male reptiles by Michael C. Moore and Jonathan Lindzey (pp. 70-113) should be interesting reading for anyone maintaining a captive colony of herps. An understanding of chemical ecology is also important, for reptiles depend on chemical cues to assist in prey detection, predator avoidance and mate recognition. Investigations relating to the role of pheromones in snake trailing and courtship behavior have been limited to a few species of garter snakes. In a few species of skinks, pheromonal communication has been studied. The other major groups of reptiles have been infrequently investigated. This chapter by Robert T. Mason surveys and reviews the literature relating to reptilian pheromones. The keeper should read this chapter, especially those portions covering courtship behavior (see also Weldon et al., 1994).

Endogenous rhythms (circadian and circannual), as discussed by Herbert Underwood in chapter 5, have received limited attention relative to captive maintenance of amphibians and reptiles. Appropriate "biological clock" mediated responses may not surface if improper environmental stimuli such as regular changes in light or temperature are not provided. To gain an understanding of the importance of activity and thermoregulatory rhythms in the field and laboratory, read pages 249-268. Other clock-mediated responses (orientation, photoperiodism, other circadian rhythms and circannual rhythms) are discussed on pages 268-278.

Aquarists have known for years that the interface between coloration and behavior is an important clue for assessing social status and reproductive condition in their captive fishes. This linkage is particularly apparent in members of the family Cichlidae, especially those species found in the East African Rift Lakes. This effect is very striking in some of the rock-

dwelling cichlids (mbuna) from Lake Malawi. The dominant male is brightly colored whereas subdominant males are drab. In some species, spawning sites are vigorously defended. The courting dominant male signals his readiness to breed with intense coloration and courtship movements directed toward the female. Check out a wonderful book by George W. Barlow (2000) which covers the extraordinary diversity of cichlids.

Changes of coloration in certain reptiles, especially iguanids, agamids, gekkonids and chameleons, can convey social status, thermoregulatory patterns, feeding specializations and reproductive condition. Camouflage (crypsis) or background matching, disruptive coloration and countershading are elements for avoiding predation or detection by prey. William E. Cooper, Jr. and Neil Greenberg have surveyed the literature on coloration of reptiles. Their chapter deals with the multiple roles of color patterns; coloration and behavior; properties and perceptions of color; cellular and subcellular bases of color and color change; color changes and regulation; color vision; coloration, social behavior and chromatic sexual dimorphism; sex recognition and intraspecific aggressive and sexual behaviors; coloration and interspecific social interactions; and background color matching.

In the final chapter, Mimi Halpern outlines nasal chemical senses in reptiles: structure and function. She discusses anatomy of nasal chemical systems, electrophysiology, odorant access to vomeronasal organ, tongue-flick behavior and provides an extensive review of chemical signals in turtles, crocodilians, lizards and snakes. The concluding section covers chemical senses: roles in behavior. It is beyond the scope of this review to cover these subjects in detail but one area deserves mention. It is obvious that captive management programs, especially with snakes, will fail if the specimens cannot be induced to feed. Part of the problem faced by fanciers may be that the predatory behaviors of various species may not be understood; hence prey presentation to the captive ophidians may be inappropriate. One of the most important portions in this chapter is Halpern's discussion of the response of snakes to prey odors (pp. 483-497). There are several other descriptions of prey presentation and handling in captive snakes which should be helpful: e.g., Murphy and Campbell, 1987; Boyer et al., 1995.

Orders from the U.S. and Canada should be directed to: The University of Chicago Press, Order Department, 11030 S. Langley Avenue, Chicago IL 60628. Telephone: (800) 621-2736; FAX: (800) 621-8476.

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Chapters in *Biology of the Reptilia* series of particular importance to the herpetoculturist. Publishers are Academic Press (AP), Wiley-Interscience (W-I), Alan R. Liss, Inc. (AL)

Volume	Year	Publisher	Author(s)	Topic
1	1969	AP	Carroll	Origin of Reptiles
			Zangerl	Turtle Shell
2	1970	AP	Parsons	Nose, Jacobson's Organ
			Barrett	Pit Organs
			Gans and Parsons	Taxonomic Literature
3	1970	AP	Dessauer	Blood Chemistry

Volume	Year	Publisher	Author(s)	Topic
4	1973	AP	Walker	Locomotor Apparatus of Testudines
5	1976	AP	Gans and Dawson	Physiology
			McDonald	Study of Physiology
			Bennett and Dawson	Metabolism
			Bentley	Osmoregulation
			Dunson	Salt Glands
6	1977	AP	Fox	Urogenital System
7	1977	AP	Pianka	Species Diversity
			Schoener	Competition and the Niche
			Heatwole	Habitat Selection
			Turner	Dynamics of Populations
			Stamps	Social Behavior and Spacing Patterns
			Carpenter; Ferguson	Stereotyped Behavior; Social Displays
			Burghardt	Learning
8	1978	AP	Gans	Venoms
			Kochva	Oral Glands
			Latifi	Production of Anti-Snakebite Serum
9/10	1979	AP	Various authors	Neurology
11	1981	AP	Various authors	Musculo-Skeletal System
12	1982	AP	Gans and Pough	Physiological Ecology
			Pough and Gans	Vocabulary of Thermoregulation
			Huey	Temperature, Physiology, Ecology
			Avery	Field Studies of Body Temperatures and Thermoregulation
			Bartholomew	Physiological Control of Body Temperatures
			Firth and Turner	Sensory, Neural and Hormonal Aspects of Thermoregulation
			Tracy	Biophysical Modeling
			Various authors	Water Relations
13	1982	AP	Seymour	Physiological Adaptations to Aquatic Life
			Gregory	Hibernation
			Bennett	Energetics of Activity
			Duvall, Guillette, Jones	Environmental Control of Reproductive Cycles
			Congdon, Dunham, Tinkle	Energy Budgets and Life History
			Andrews	Growth
14	1985	W-I	Billet, Gans, Maderson	Development
			Hubert	Origin and Development of Oocytes
			Ewert	Embryology of Turtles
			Miller	Embryology of Marine Turtles
			Ferguson	Reproductive Biology and Embryology of Crocodilians
			Moffet	Reproductive Biology and Embryology of Tuatara
			Maderson	Integument
			Cooper, Klempau, Zapata	Immunity
15	1985	W-I	Hubert	Embryology of Squamates
			Darevsky, Kupriyanova, Uzzell	Parthenogenesis
			Yaron	Placentation and Gestation
			Shine	Viviparity
16	1981	AL	Greene	Antipredator Mechanisms
			Pough	Mimicry
			Arnold	Caudal Autonomy
			Dunham, Morin, Wilbur	Study of Populations
			Wilbur and Morin	Life History Evolution of Turtles
			Dunham, Miles, Reznick	Life History Patterns in Squamates
			Packard and Packard	Physiological Ecology of Eggs and Embryos

Herps in Hollywood: *Blood Surf*

by John Kostka

It's about a saltwater crocodile, just so you know. Unlike most herp movies, this one doesn't afford its menace a place in the title. Instead, it opts for a more obscure reference. Apparently, the film's title comes from an aberrant form of surfing in which a surfer cuts his/her foot so that his/her blood will attract any number of flesh-hungry predators, thus adding a thrill to his or her surfing.

If nothing else, this can certainly be described as an original form of entertainment. However, this film is anything but.

It seems a documentary film-making team has gotten it into their heads that they are going to make a documentary about this most bizarre of sports. This team consists of a tight-shirted camerawoman, an arrogant (the film goes to the greatest of lengths to make sure we know he's arrogant) producer, and two perpetually topless "surfer dudes" who, at times, have a little trouble with their subject-verb agreement.

Seems our head surfer (identifiable in that his dialogue induces fewer cringes than his partner's) is quite fond of the crew's camerawoman, though she assures him that she does not reciprocate his feelings. Why? To add dramatic tension to the plot. *Perhaps* this would have worked if 1) we couldn't tell that it was simply a function of the story and 2) it wasn't forgotten by the story for most of the film.

In typical fashion, the locals are terrified of the island that is the ultimate destination of the blood-surfing contingent, and the only people willing to give them a ride don't know how to get there. Eventually they manage to get directions out of a grizzled tour boat captain at a bar, whose girlfriend first performs a rather gratuitous lustful dance for everyone's "viewing pleasure."

If you're one of the many viewers who have probably fallen asleep by now, the filmmakers try to slap you awake with some gratuitous shots of skinny-dippers, followed by our two plucky hodads as they slice their feet and surf the shark infested breakers. The *Beach Party*-reject music from this sequence did manage to hold my attention, however, if only that it planted the hope in my head that perhaps Annette Funicello or Frankie Avalon would come riding by on a passing wave.

After blood-surfing but once, the group decides to call it a day (and rather wisely, I might add) after seeing one of the sharks disappear under the waves in an erupting geyser of blood. After this, everyone goes off in pairs to do what pairs do, and one couple's resulting activity is rather graphically portrayed, so be forewarned, this might not be the best movie to view with the wee ones.

Finally, *half an hour* into the movie, the giant, inexplicably malicious ocean-dwelling "saltie" shows up, and devours most of the supporting cast. Don't let this get your hopes up, however. As soon as the creature shows up, the film turns into an even more (yes, it really is possible) contrived mess. The final hour of the film parades out everything from jungle guerrillas to the grizzled boat captain obsessed with killing the croc (who seems just a *little* inspired by a certain character from *Moby Dick*) to one of the most poorly-rendered crocodiles in film history.

Blood Surf is quite poorly done on almost every level. I'll admit, not *every* level, but we'll get to the exceptions later.

One major problem is that I felt like I was watching something I'd seen before. The film liberally tosses together the best elements of *Jaws*, *Moby Dick*, the *Beach Party* series, *Tremors*, maybe some *Crocodile Dundee*, *Orca* and. . . . Well, when you get down to it, pretty much everything but the kitchen sink goes into this film, yet nothing comes out. All the viewer gets from the film is a sense of déjà vu, and that, in my opinion, can be garnered from a variety of other things that won't cost me a three-dollar rental.

One of the film's major problems is that, aside from the purely physical attractions that it may or may not generate in us, we really have no reason to care about its characters. They're not properly developed at all, and they change at a whim to suit a scene. Their dialogue ranges from being passable in a high school film class to headache-inducing. And of course, as in every movie of this type, they do things that any sensible person would realize would put them in serious danger.

Remember the blood geyser mentioned earlier? Well, while the couples have wandered off, our head surfer decides to go back out in the water, for absolutely no reason. In another scene the surfers dive under the water at night after finding their boat mysteriously sunk to try to retrieve the blood-surfing footage shot earlier, despite the fact that they've already noticed one mangled corpse floating in the water.

It's obvious from the beginning of the film that we're not dealing with the smartest of individuals here, as these people can be fantastically stupid at times.

The special effects also could use quite a bit of work. A giant computer-generated crocodile flying out of the water like a Polaris missile and snatching a man off the top of a two-level boat is a little bit too ambitious for a film made on such an obviously small budget. Perhaps they should have chosen a creature that actually could have shot straight up in the air, like a porpoise.

I won't carry on about special effects, as they seem to be required in bad killer-herp movies. You can probably fill in the blanks yourself, just refer to any of my earlier reviews. . . .

My constant question regarding films such as this is always "who researches them, if anyone?" First, what would give anyone the impression that a crocodile would have any reason to kill maliciously? Second, perhaps if the filmmakers had done a little more fact checking, they might have found that while crocodiles can run quickly on land, they can only run quickly for *short distances* as opposed to the Jesse Owens-like running ability of the creature in this film.

I suppose, however, that for all this complaining, there are

a few good things to be said about *Blood Surf*. First, while most of the dialogue is poorly written and clichéd, the actors at least manage to spout it passably. Perhaps if they were cast in a better production, they might not look so bad. Being the kind person that I am, I have decided to forgo mentioning their names in this review.

Secondly, since *Blood Surf* was shot in the Philippines, it does have some stunning, absolutely gorgeous locations. The photography of these isn't bad either, though it's nothing special. In that they were the film's single greatest asset, more emphasis should have been placed on these breathtaking tropical vistas.

So, that's *Blood Surf*, in a nutshell. Poorly written (perhaps from an old *Jaws 5* script) and generally poorly done. Suitable for undiscriminating fans of pretty places, pretty people and violence only. Though be forewarned—even if you fit that description, it's still pretty bad.

Trimark Home Video, 2001, 88 min.

MPAA rating: R for: Graphic violence, adult language, sexual content and nudity.

COMING SOON

Already in theaters: Jurassic Park III (hopefully a review will appear next issue)

Re-released on video and DVD: With the advent of DVD, many long-out-of-print films are being re-released on VHS and DVD. My previous review of *Frogs* was a herp-related example of this. Now come two new releases that will be reviewed in future articles. If I don't get around to seeing *Jurassic Park III*, one may appear next issue, or, if I do get around it seeing it, will appear in the future. The two re-released films are the following: First, an Amazon.com exclusive re-release (if you don't have the Internet, worry not, it's available for rental in many video stores in its old edition) of *Curse II: The Bite*, involving killer snakes and a man transforming into one. It's available only on video to my knowledge. Second is the *Carnosaur* trilogy collector's set, including all three ultra-cheap killer dinosaur films and quite a good price (about $25 for VHS or DVD).

In development: *As stated in previous articles*, Crocodile II: Death Roll *is already in production, filming in India. Apparently it's still very much alive. There is talk of a* Blood Surf II *as well, though let's all hope that it's just talk.* Reptilicus 2 *(the first concerned a reptile monster generated from a dinosaur limb—who knows what this will have in store!) is reportedly being planned, almost forty years after the release of the original, though details are sketchy. I'll be taking it off after this article, unless/until I hear something new. On the serpentine front, a script for* Anaconda II *is reportedly being written. More as this develops. Hans (*Anaconda, Komodo*) Bauer's* Snake *script has not been discussed recently either, so it will be removed after this. There's always more* Godzilla *and* Gamera *stuff coming out of Japan, though it never seems to make it over to the states. Unless I hear specific information concerning an imminent release of one of these films, they will no longer appear in this section, either.*

Next time you surf the WorldWide Web, crawl, run, slither, slide, jump, or hop over to the CHS web site!

www.chicagoherp.org

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- **CHS animal adoption service**
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- **Herp news**
- **Herp links**
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Bull. Chicago Herp. Soc. 36(8):170-172, 2001

HerPET-POURRI

by Ellin Beltz

Monocle in manacles

A two-and-a-half-foot-long monocled cobra was captured by a state Department of Agriculture supervisor at Honolulu Airport. Cargo handlers from Philippine Airlines discovered the snake in the corner of a cargo hold of an Airbus A340 which had flown direct from Manila. The entire plane was searched, but no other snakes were found. [*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, April 26, 2001, from Ms. G. E. Chow]

Big eyes, wrong # of digits -- aliens in Hawaii, 2001

• Bright green with orange spots, Madagascar giant day geckos can grow to about a foot long. And now they may be doing it on O'ahu. "A crew from the state Department of Land and Natural Resources caught one in Manoa Valley, near where another was caught in 1996. . . . *Phelsuma madagascariensis* are believed to have escaped from captivity. . . . Alien species are arriving in Hawai'i on a regular basis, threatening native species and agriculture. A multi-agency group has been formed to address the issue. . . . The Madagascar giant day gecko is the 30th species of reptile or amphibian to become established in the islands. More information is available at <http://www.state.hi.us/dlnr/dofaw/pubs/index.html>. [*Honolulu Advertiser*, February 11, 2001, from Ms. G. E. Chow]

• A 3-foot boa constrictor was turned in by an unidentified woman under the state's alien species amnesty program. [*Honolulu Advertiser*, March 28, 2001, from Ms. G. E. Chow]

• The *Honolulu Advertiser* reports that a man was "barely awake when he lumbered into his second-floor bathroom (in Pacific Palisades) and found a live snake on his toilet." They called 911 and inspectors from Hawaii's State Department of Agriculture found a 2-foot-long ball python. [June 15, 2001, from Ms. G. E. Chow]

• Eighteen Argentine horned froglets were turned into Honolulu Zoo by an unidentified man who claimed they belonged to a friend. Under the state's amnesty policy, no charges were filed. However officials are concerned because all the frogs are very young and there may be up to 900 more of their siblings hopping around somewhere. [*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, May 31, 2001, from Ms. G. E. Chow]

• "A population of Caribbean frogs that biologists say has the potential to harm Hawai'i's fragile environment was found . . . on Maui for the first time. The tiny *Eleutherodactylus planirostris*, or greenhouse frog, was identified by state wildlife biologist . . . after he received a call from a landscape gardener. . . . He saw hundreds of the fleet-footed frogs in the ocean front landscaping and believes they are spread across the resort area. . . . At least three populations of the greenhouse frog have been identified on the Big Island and two are known on O'ahu. . . . They likely are being spread as hitchhikers in nursery materials. In their native Caribbean islands, the frogs live in populations of up to 8,000 an acre. Females can produce more than 200 eggs a year, with each frog reaching sexual maturity in just eight months. [*Honolulu Advertiser*, May 18, 2001, from Ms. G. E. Chow]

• Meanwhile, biologists have been collecting both greenhouse frogs and the much louder coqui frogs which live in plants and are active only at night. Biologists "fear that in addition to the noise, the animals may prey on native insects and spiders, spread plant diseases and increase the population of rats and mongooses by serving as a food source." For more information, visit the Hawaiian Ecosystems at the Risk Project web site <http://www.hear.org>. [*Honolulu Advertiser*, March 24, 2001, from Ms. G. E. Chow] And I remember when one amateur herpetologist reporting hearing a coqui frog on vacation in Hawai'i and all the "real" herpetologists didn't believe him. Just think. Catching those first few then would save whatever it is going to cost the ecosystem to clean it all up.

Ray, Marty—Marty, Ray :)

"On the scale of things, snakes are relatively easy to maintain, says Marty Marcus, an educator who has been working with reptiles in classrooms for 40 years. Creating the proper enclosure and finding a reliable source of food for these carnivores are the two biggest challenges. [Little Rock *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, March 14, 2001, from Bill Burnett] Life meets art, folks, here's two of my biggest contributors in one paragraph.

Bullfrog competition

Organizers of the "Mayor's Frog Jump" in Rock Hill, South Carolina, "normally buy their amphibians from one of two suppliers, but officials at the Carolina Biological Supply Co. and Ward's Natural Science Co. say demand from restaurants and science classes has left them battling for bullfrogs. . . . The man in charge of corralling the mayor's croakers, has resorted to desperate action [hiring a frog-catcher] because, as he points out, `you can't have a frog-jumping contest without jumping frogs.'" [*Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, April 1, 2001, from Bill Burnett]

Florida beat

• "One of the largest alligator-poaching arrests in southwest Florida nabbed two men with 114 alligators . . . near a boat ramp . . . and the Kissimmee River." [*Orlando Sentinel*, April 11, 2001, from Bill Burnett]

• ["Volusia County has been ordered to pay more than $286,000 in legal fees to the New Smyrna Beach women who filed the suit . . . because their lawsuit had prompted the county to improve conditions for the endangered sea turtles. . . . [The judge said] ` The county could have done the right thing from the beginning' by banning cars and lights from nesting beaches and this suit could have been precluded." [*Orlando Sentinel,* March 27, 2001, from Bill Burnett]

• "Fifteen years ago, a local resident discovered a female American crocodile living on a lush, sparsely populated barrier island. . . . Southwest Florida . . . researchers relocated the

croc to a state park about 50 miles south. Six months later, however, the persistent creature found her way back . . . and eventually settled in the J. N. Ding Darling National Wildlife Refuge on Sanibel Island, where she has lived ever since." About 800,000 people also flock to this refuge to see more than 230 species of animals. [*National Wildlife*, April-May 2001, from Bill Burnett]

If you keep them, they will bite you

• "The former director of the Little Rock Zoo was in good condition . . . in a . . . hospital after he was bitten by a rattlesnake at his home [the night before.] `I got nipped by a young western diamondback,' [he] said from his hospital bed. . . . `I'm fine.'" He still keeps about a half dozen venomous reptiles for use in his lectures. Later in the article the "founder and president of Central Arkansas Herpetological Society" is quoted as saying that "last year about 60 people died from western rattlesnake bites nationwide—mainly from larger snakes." Contributor Bill Burnett points out that this number is about 59 or 60 too high. [*Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, May 23, 2001]

• "The [21-year-old] man who was flown to Miami for a lifesaving antivenin treatment July 4, wants to donate his Asiatic spitting cobra . . . to a zoo. . . . [The man] nearly died after his pet bit him on the thumb while he was trying to take its picture. . . . [He] returned home . . . just in time for the birth of his daughter. . . . [The man said] one day he'll probably buy another poisonous snake and hopes to avoid tighter regulations. `When I get back into it in a couple years, I want to be able to get my pet without all this hassle and going through all these lawyers. [July 10, 2001] Curiously, the man was flown from South Carolina to Miami because the Miami-Dade Fire Rescue there has an antivenin unit with antivenoms for about 90 percent of the world's venomous snakes. [July 6, 2001—both the *Miami Herald*, from Alan Rigerman]

• An "experienced reptile handler" was bitten on the hand by a Jameson's mamba. The reporter for the South Florida *Sun Sentinel*, couldn't miss pointing out that means the man went "mano a mamba—and the mamba won." He was in fair condition and declined an interview, but his boss at Strictly Reptiles said he was doing well. The man had been handling the mamba alone; even though he was supposed to have help bagging it, he made the decision to put it away himself. [May 24, 2001, from Alan Rigerman]

• "A Sarasota Jungle Gardens employee was bitten by a 4-foot diamondback rattlesnake . . . just two months after he was bitten by another venomous snake. . . . The snake, which is used in the monthly *Venomous Snakes of Florida* show, had recently been milked of its venom." [*Orlando Sentinel*, March 13, 2001, from Bill Burnett]

• "When [a] Scottish police officer . . . arrested . . . [a] 21 [year-old] for indecent exposure, he was bitten by a boa constrictor hidden in . . . [the 21-year-old's] pants. [He] still had the snake with him a month later when it bit someone else while he attempted a break-in. Among the charges he pleaded guilty to was `recklessly concealing a reptile.'" [*Street Miami*, February 2-8, 2001, from Alan Rigerman]

What's the odds of this?

"A harness maker at Pompano Park Race Track got the surprise of his life . . . when he came upon a six-foot alligator in a bathroom stall. The gator was wrapped around the bottom of the toilet possibly looking for a cool place to hide out . . . " when the man found it. "Damn right it was exciting," said the man. "I hadn't had my coffee yet." [*Miami Herald*, June 3, 2001, from Alan Rigerman]

Tombstones

"Eleven tourist couples marry in the nude. Peace talks resume after daring summit." [*Sun-Sentinel, South Florida*, February 15, 2001 from Alan Rigerman] What Alan really sent it for was the adjacent article about the last known member of the subspecies *Geochelone elephatophus abingdoni*. "Lonesome George" as he's more popularly known, has not mated with any female tortoises of other subspecies presented to him by staff at the Charles Darwin Scientific Research Station on Santa Cruz island. Darwin Station has harvested tortoise eggs and released more than 2,500 tortoises since the program began in the mid-1960s. Local legend states that "anyone who comes to the Galapagos hoping to turn a profit at the expense of the islands' unique ecosystem and other rare species . . . marine iguanas, faces `the Curse of the Tortoise.' Islanders point to a long string of disasters. . . . The near-disastrous oil spill . . . was just one more example." A clipping from the *Times Picayune* (New Orleans) from Ernie Liner develops the tanker story: "Wind and ocean currents have partially dissipated the 160,000-gallon spill from a disabled tanker and pushed it out into the Pacific Ocean, away from the islands that are home to giant tortoises, sea lions, rare birds and hundreds of other protected species, the Ecuadorian president's office said. . . . Response to the accident was slowed by the limited resources of an impoverished nation of 12 million people whose political and economic crises make the exotic archipelago seem a world away. Ecuador has experienced debilitating economic chaos and changed presidents five times in the past five years." [January 24, 2001]

I have seen that stare

"Stolen iguanas Ziggy and Cleopatra are safely back at the Audubon Zoo. The lizards, who were stolen from their separate exhibits May 3, enjoyed their homecoming . . . by staring motionless, at their fruit and vegetable trays. [The Houma, Louisiana, *Courier*, June 9, 2001, from Ernie Liner]

Letter of the month

Written to the *Miami Herald*: "I had the same problem with frogs in my pool. I was told to buy floating alligator heads. I couldn't find them anywhere, so I went to Toys 'R' Us and bought five rubber snakes at $1 each and laid them around the pool patio—mostly on the sides facing the yard. I have not had a frog since! I don't know how smart frogs are, so I move the snakes around every now and then, just to fool the little amphibians. It's a cheap fix, and it works. [signed from] Coconut Grove"

If they follow me home, can I keep them?
"A Kaua'i man who admitted capturing two green sea turtles last November was sentenced yesterday by federal Magistrate . . . to six months in prison. . . . [The] fisherman said he was catching black crab when he came across the turtles and took them home." But the prosecutor pointed out that as the turtles weighed 200 to 250 pounds apiece, and since they were found in the bed of the man's pickup truck when the man was pulled over for speeding that the whole affair was not as innocent as it seemed. [*Honolulu Advertiser*, May 1, 2001, from Ms. G. E. Chow]

Guess he doesn't like Steve Irwin
"Honk if you've had it up to here with . . . the self-billed ` crocodile hunter' who has somehow migrated from Australia to our shores . . . prancing around animal cages in his little zookeeper shorts, taunting the critters into telegenically violent behavior . . . thoroughly asking for a violent outcome. . . . The NBC news release describes this process as ` rescuing animals from the wilds' in the apparent belief that there's nothing sadder than an animal having to endure its natural habitat. Most vexing is the attempt to pass this off as proper zookeeper behavior, rather than the down-under kin to a hundred Florida roadside alligator hovels." Steve Johnson, *Tribune* media critic. [*Chicago Tribune*, May 21, 2001, from Ray Boldt]

Thanks to everyone who contributed clippings, photos and other fun stuff for this column. Without you, there wouldn't be a column. And thanks to Ray Boldt, Ms. G. E. Chow, Alan Rigerman, Tom Huda, Jack Schoenfelder, Bradford Norman, and Marty Marcus for cool things I've put aside to read later or their other contributions to this column. You can contribute, too. Send whole pages of newspapers and magazines. Make sure the date/publication slug appears on the pages (or write it on). Put your name on each piece. Mail to: Ellin Beltz, P.O. Box 934, Ferndale, CA 95536-0934.

Bull. Chicago Herp. Soc. 36(8):172, 2001

Erratum: Gray et al., Some Bizarre Effects on Snakes, Supposedly from Pollution, at a Site in Pennsylvania

Brian Gray
1217 Clifton Drive
Erie, PA 16505

The literature citation for Sparling et al. (2000) in the above-mentioned article [Bull. Chicago Herp. Soc. 36(7):148-151] should read:

Sparling, D. W., G. Linder and C. A. Bishop (eds.). 2000. Ecotoxicology of amphibians and reptiles. Pensacola, FL: Society of Environmental Toxicology and Chemistry.

Unofficial Minutes of the CHS Board Meeting, July 13, 2001

The meeting was called to order at 7:44 P.M. Board members Dan Bavirsha, Greg Brim, Rich Crowley and Steve Spitzer were absent.

Officers' Reports

Recording Secretary: Emily Forcade distributed and read the minutes of the June board meeting. Corrections were made and the minutes were accepted.

Treasurer: Greg Brim was absent. Mike Dloogatch distributed the treasurer's report. He pointed out that our YTD income is about $1500 greater than last year's YTD income. Our YTD expenses are about $500 less. The June ReptileFest expense relates to film costs for the photo booth. The report was accepted.

Membership Secretary: Mike Dloogatch distributed the membership report. Membership is down to 802. Mike explained how he handles renewals.

Vice-president: Lori King said that the general meeting speaker for the August meeting would be Rob Lovich. His topic will be "Reptiles and Amphibians from Southern California—More Diversity than Meets the Eye. The speaker for September has not been scheduled yet.

Publications Secretary: Mike Redmer said that Chris Lechowicz has obtained FrontPage to use in maintaining the CHS website.

Standing Committees

Grants: Mike Redmer said that Mike Dloogatch and Lori King have agreed to be on the committee again this year.

Shows: Mike Redmer said that The Springbrook Nature Center in Itasca has invited us to exhibit on August 26 from 11:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Jenny Vollman wishes to do this.

Raffle: Jim Hoffman said it's not feasible for him to take over the raffle now. Gary Kostka has agreed to continue to run the raffle until October. If no one takes it over by then, Jack will organize a committee to continue the raffle until someone is able to take charge of it.

Ad Hoc Committees

Symposium 2001: Char Haguewood has resumed her role as chairperson. There are three more symposium committee meetings scheduled. They will take place Sundays at 2 P.M. on August 12 (at Ron and Dotty Humbert's home), on September 9 (at Mike Dloogatch's office) and on October 7 (at Gary Fogel's home). Jack said his son would be available for all three days of the symposium to work in any capacity that's necessary. Since time is short, all committee members should make every effort to attend the planning meetings.

Facility: Jack said that we will lose the first floor auditorium at the CAS in October. The second floor meeting room does not have black out curtains yet. Lori mentioned the need to check out the AV equipment.

Public Relations: There was an extended discussion of our PR requirements, including some of the impediments to getting these met.

Old Business

Retreat: Jack said that while attendance was small, several things were accomplished. Jim Hoffman volunteered to set up an E-mail address for announcements to be circulated to interested CHS members. He is in the process of collecting E-mail addresses from members. The group decided to implement a Herp of the Month contest at each general meeting. Ron Humbert offered to coordinate this and has composed some ground rules for the contest, which he presented for discussion to the board. The judging will be done during the break with judges invited for each contest based on their areas of expertise. The animal selected for the July meeting was the gecko. The animal selected for the August meeting was the corn snake. Emily Forcade volunteered to do a column about the general meetings for the *Bulletin*. Lunch was provided to retreat attendees. Mike Dloogatch moved to reimburse Jack $100 for the cost of the lunch. Char Haguewood seconded the motion, which was voted on and carried unanimously.

Bulletin Boxes: Jack is working with a company to secure them.

CHS Logo Shirts: We need to order a minimum of 24 to get the shirts. Jack will have a sign-up sheet at the July meeting.

Animal Planet Radio: Lori King was on APR on June 16. She talked about the CHS, our work with Steve Irwin, and the extensive coverage of the Komodo dragon bite at a California zoo. She was on WGN radio the following week.

Ideas and Suggestions

Gary Fogel said that MTV's Real World show would be filming in Chicago from July to October. He suggested we send them a copy of the *Bulletin* to make them aware of our presence (and general meeting) as a possible site for them to visit.

Round Table

Lori said she thought that Rich Crowley, Bob Bavirsha and Dan Bavirsha did a really nice job at Show and Tell in teaching about the responsibilities involved in owning large snakes.

Jim Hoffman said that interested members should approach him if they are interested in purchasing items from Bush Herpetological at a discount.

Mike Redmer said that the City of Chicago's Nature Walk would take place from September 22–30. There may be a place for CHS involvement.

Jack read an advertisement from an Indiana newspaper that a local water park will now include miniature golf and alligators. He said he will be on vacation in August and Lori King will preside at the August 17 board meeting.

The meeting adjourned at 9:38 P.M.

Respectfully submitted by Recording Secretary Emily Forcade

Bull. Chicago Herp. Soc. 36(8):174-175, 2001

Herpetology 2001

In this column the editorial staff presents short abstracts of herpetological articles we have found of interest. This is not an attempt to summarize all of the research papers being published; it is an attempt to increase the reader's awareness of what herpetologists have been doing and publishing. The editor assumes full responsibility for any errors or misleading statements.

TREEBOA DISTRIBUTION AND TAXONOMY

R. W. Henderson et al. [2001, Studies on Neotropical Fauna and Environment 36(1):39-47] note that the arboreal boid *Corallus annulatus* has a disjunct distribution in tropical wet forests from extreme southeastern Guatemala to southwestern Ecuador (west of the Andes). The authors show that the characters upon which subspecies (*C. a. blombergi* and *C. a. colombianus*) were described are of no diagnostic value. Based on a suite of characters (scale, pattern, osteological), *Corallus a. blombergi* is elevated to species status and *Corallus a. colombianus* is placed in the synonymy of *C. annulatus*. *Corallus annulatus* and *C. blombergi* are considered to be species that are genuinely uncommon, although not necessarily rare.

SCRUB LIZARD HABITAT CHOICE

H. M. Tiebout III and R. A. Anderson [2001, J. Herpetology 35(2):173-185] investigated the impacts of various logging practices on habitat choice by the endemic Florida scrub lizard (*Sceloporus woodi*) in the Florida scrub of Ocala National Forest (ONF). Large outdoor mesocosms were used as a novel means to evaluate lizard preferences for habitats with different structural features produced by standard forestry practices. Captive lizards were offered a choice between two adjoining habitats (= sides of a mesocosm) created using one of two substratum treatments [SAND = 75% open sand; WOOD = 75% coarse woody debris (CWD)] coupled with one of two insolation treatments (LIGHT = ambient sunlight; DARK = 45% ambient sunlight). The mesocosms proved to be an effective technique for evaluating lizard habitat preferences. Lizards were easily observed and remained active and healthy throughout the experiment. Sighting frequencies differed significantly among the four mesocosm sides, yielding an overall preference ranking of DARK SAND > LIGHT SAND > DARK WOOD ≥ LIGHT WOOD. Analysis of sighting frequencies by treatment factors (substratum and insolation) and of dissimilarity matrices both indicated that habitat choice was based primarily on substratum composition and only weakly determined by insolation level. In addition, size- and gender-specific preferences suggest that social interactions may help shape patterns of habitat used in conjunction with individual preferences. The authors conclude that the least favored mesocosm side (LIGHT WOOD) represents a habitat type that could potentially serve as a population sink for scrub lizards and recommend several methods to reduce the accumulation of CWD or to ameliorate its potential thermal stress on lizards. In addition, the most favored mesocosm side (DARK SAND) represents a shaded sandy habitat type not currently found in ONF timber stands. The authors present several alternative harvesting and site preparation methods that could produce such habitats and recommend further research on their potential value for enhancing populations of scrub lizards and other open-habitat scrub endemics.

MATE CHOICE BY FEMALE MARINE IGUANAS

M. Wikelski et al. [2001, Ethology 107:623-638] note that females do not unanimously choose the single "best" male, even when female choice is strong, such as in leks, or in polygynous mating situations. A possible explanation is that females base their choices on limited information, perhaps because gathering information is costly. The authors tested this hypothesis by continuously observing individual female marine iguanas (*Amblyrhynchus cristatus*) throughout the mating period in order to document the information they gathered about each potential mate. Females actively visited approximately five additional males during the 3 d prior to copulation, compared to the males seen on their normal foraging routes. Females were more likely to visit large-bodied males, but preferentially copulated with the male that had the highest display rate of all males they visited. Females that mated on a dense territory cluster mated with more active males than did those that mated on dispersed territories. However, females on a dense cluster also lost more body mass, potentially as a consequence of high rates of interaction with males. This mass loss may represent an important cost and result from postural changes in response to male attention. Such costs may explain why females only gather a certain amount of information and why females on dispersed territories choose less active mates. Lack of complete information introduces subjectivity into female choice: what is perceived as best by one female may not be perceived as best by another. Thus, lack of complete information may prevent unanimity of female choice.

NATTERJACK MOVEMENTS

C. Miaud et al. [2000, Amphibia–Reptilia 21(3):357-369] monitored the movements of 19 natterjack toads (*Bufo calamita*) by telemetry in a semi-arid agricultural landscape in NE Spain. Toads reproduced in two water pools in fields of barley and an ancient clay-quarrying zone filled by rainfall. Thirteen toads were followed during the breeding season (weeks 5–17 of 1997) and 11 toads were followed after reproduction (weeks 18 to 46). During the breeding season four toads moved distances of up to 500 m between breeding sites. No significant differences in movement patterns were found between the sexes, but a tendency was observed for males to show higher terrestrial site fidelity than females. Distances moved after the breeding season were substantial. The distance between the furthest positions recorded was from 164 to 1201 m, the maximum distance observed between daily recordings ranged from 125 to 353 m and the maximum overall distances ranged from 567 to 4411 m. No significant differences were observed between males and females or between small and large toads. The movements of these toads in a semi-arid agricultural landscape in Spain are compared with those observed in England and Germany.

SYSTEMATICS OF THE OLD WORLD RATSNAKES

N. Helfenberger [2001, Russian Journal of Herpetology, Supplement] estimated the phylogenetic relationships of thirty species and subspecies of Old World ratsnakes (genera *Elaphe* auct. and *Gonyosoma* Wagler) using visceral topography, vertebrae, and allozyme variation. Distances between the taxa were calculated from positions and lengths of visceral organs, frequencies of qualitative characteristics and lengths of vertebrae, and frequencies of proteins encoded by 19 gene loci. The Indo-Malayan species group with conservative features has large phylogenetic distances to the Euro-Mediterranean and Siberian and to the East and High Asian species. The latter cluster exhibits parallel evolution with species from the Euro-Mediterranean and Siberian region. The East Asian *Elaphe rufodorsata* and the Mediterranean *Elaphe scalaris* show derived features and large distances to related taxa. This study represents a step towards a definitive reconstruction of phylogenetic relationships within Old World *Elaphe* species. Taxonomic changes include the revalidation of *Coelognathus* Fitzinger for Indo-Malayan ratsnakes and the description of a new genus, *Oocatochus*, for *Tropidonotus rufodorsatus* Cantor.

CHINESE PITVIPER HEMIPENES

Guo Peng and Zhang Fuji [2001, Amphibia–Reptilia 22(1): 113-117] describe and illustrate the hemipenes of four species of Chinese pitvipers: *Trimeresurus albolabris*, *T. medoensis*, *T. stejnegeri* and *T. xiangchengensis*. The results show that the four species are notably different in hemipenial structures, and the hemipenes of the four species can be clustered into three types. After a comprehensive comparison with the hemipenes of twelve other species of *Trimeresurus*, the authors conclude that the hemipenes of this genus of pitvipers can be clustered into five types: *albolabris*-type, *stejnegeri*-type, *medoensis*-type, *macralepis*-type and *malabaricus*-type.

SOUTHERN REDBACK SALAMANDERS IN MISSOURI

L. A. Herbeck and R. D. Semlitsch [2000, J. Herpetology 34(3):341-347] studied the life history and ecology of *Plethodon serratus* in two populations in south-central and southeastern Missouri. One population was located on private land in Perry County and the other was located in Mark Twain National Forest in Phelps County. Courtship and insemination probably occurred between December and March. Oviposition occurred during May or June and eggs hatched during July or August. Gravid females contained an average of 6.3 (range 4–10) enlarged ovarian follicles. Reproduction among females appears to be biennial on the basis of two distinct groups of mature females, those with enlarged, yolk-filled follicles and those with only small follicles. Hatchlings emerged in September and October and averaged 17 mm SVL (range 15–20). The growing season extended from September to May and little growth occurred during June to August. Growth during the first year after hatching averaged 10 mm. *Plethodon serratus* was most active on the forest surface between October and May in Phelps County and August and May in Perry County. The life-history pattern seen for *P. serratus* has characteristics of other small temperate plethodontid salamanders.

RECLASSIFICATION OF THE IGUANIA

D. R. Frost et al. [2001, American Museum Novitates 3343] using the techniques of direct optimization and sensitivity analysis, examined the phylogenetics of polychrotid lizards on the basis of both molecular and morphological data. A sensitivity analysis of sequence alignment and morphological change cost functions demonstrated that equal weighting provided the most parsimonious solution for all data. The Polychrotidae is found not to be monophyletic, containing instead the Corytophanidae as the sister taxon of *Anolis* plus *Polychrus*. Based on these and other results over the last 12 years, the taxonomy of the Iguania is reformulated, with the Iguania composed of two subsidiary taxa, Acrodonta and Pleurodonta, the Acrodonta containing the likely paraphyletic and basally unresolved "Agamidae" as well as the Chamaeleonidae, and the Pleurodonta containing the Corytophanidae, Crotaphytidae, Hoplocercidae, Iguanidae, Leiocephalidae (newly elevated from its former status as a subfamily of the Tropiduridae), Leiosauridae (new taxon including *Anisolepis*, *Aperopristis*, *Diplolaemus*, *Enyalius*, *Leiosaurus*, *Pristidactylus* and *Urostrophus*), Liolaemidae (newly elevated from its former status as a subfamily of the Tropiduridae), Opluridae, Phrynosomatidae, Polychrotidae (restricted to *Anolis* and *Polychrus*), and Tropiduridae (excluding the former subfamilies Leiocephalinae and Liolaeminae).

MAN AND THE HERPETOFAUNA OF THE MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS

C. Corti et al. [1999, Revista Española de Herpetologia 13: 83-100] synthesize data on the late Quaternary occurrence of endemic herpetofauna on the Mediterranean islands and evidence of appearance of taxa extraneous to the native faunas. Recently reported data shed new light on the permanence and extinction of autochthonous species and the arrival of continental ones. Their arrival might be directly related to the progressive advent of human colonization of the islands. Hence, the question is: How is the present insular herpetofauna connected to human intervention? This review shows the close connection between human occupation of Mediterranean islands and present-day herpetofauna.

TASTE DISCRIMINATION IN A LIZARD

K. F. Stanger-Hall et al. [2001, Copeia (2):490-498] observe that whether or not lizards possess a sense of taste and can use it to discriminate between prey items has been debated in the literature for several decades. This study provides evidence that some lizards indeed do use taste to discriminate between prey items. In laboratory choice experiments, the lizard *Anolis carolinensis* discriminated between untreated crickets and crickets treated with either dextrose/aspartame powder (produces sweet sensation in humans) or quinine hydrochloride (QHCl) solution or powder (bitter sensation in humans). Although some lizards showed a strong preference for crickets treated with dextrose/aspartame powder, all lizards generally avoided prey items treated with QHCl. This avoidance is not affected when access to the vomeronasal organ is blocked. During this study, lizards readily associated taste with color.

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For sale: herp books. Loveridge, Arthur—*Zoological Results of a 5th Expedition to East Africa, Part III—Reptiles from Nyasaland and Tete*, 1953, pp. 143-322, 5 plates, softbound, $36; Loveridge—*Scientfic Results of a 4th Expedition to Forested Areas in East and Central Africa, Part IV—Reptiles*, 1942, pp. 238-373, 6 b&w plates, pages uncut, softbound, $36; Smith, Malcolm—*The Fauna of British India: Reptilia and Amphibia, Vol. III—Serpentes*, 1961 reprint (1943), 583 pp., 166 figs., hardbound, $100; Worrell, Eric—*Reptiles of Australia*, reprinted 1964 (1963), over 330 b&w and color photos, DJ torn and worn, hardbound, $50; Gloyd, Howard K., and Conant, Roger—*Snakes of the* Agkistrodon *Complex*, 1990, 614 pp., 52 b&w and color plates, many figures and maps, as new condition, hardbound, $78; Lazell, James D., Jr.—*This Broken Archipelago: Cape Cod and the Islands, Amphibians and Reptiles*, 1976, 260 pp., b&w photos, maps, DJ somewhat faded, hardbound, $30. All books in excellent condition unless otherwise noted. Prices postpaid. William R. Turner, 6838 S. Ivy St., Apt. 302, Englewood, CO 80112, (720) 493-9378. E-mail: turnerbmrk@prodigy.net

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Wanted: west Florida reptile collector would like to hear from other reptile collectors from all parts of the U.S. to trade, buy, sell reptiles of all types. Tony Picheo, 11080 lillian Hiway, Pensacola FL 32506, (850) 453-8133.

Wanted: big-headed turtles; mata mata turtles; Mexican giant mud turtles (*Staurotypus triporcatus*); exceptionally large common snappers (45 lbs. & up); large alligator snappers (over 90 lbs.); spectacled caiman from Trinidad, Tobago and Surinam; dwarf caiman; smooth-fronted caiman; albino turtles (except red-eared sliders). Walt Loose, (610) 926-6028, 9:00 A.M. – 1:00 P.M. or after 11:30 P.M. Eastern Time.

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UPCOMING MEETINGS

The next meeting of the Chicago Herpetological Society will be held at 7:30 P.M., Wednesday, August 29, at the Peggy Notebaert Nature Museum, Cannon Drive and Fullerton Parkway, in Chicago. **Robert Lovich**, a wildlife biologist for the Department of Defense in San Diego, California, will be the featured speaker. His topic will be, "Reptiles and Amphibians of Southern California: More Diversity than Meets the Eye." Rob's research has focused on many species of southern California herpetofauna, particularly night lizards (*Xantusia henshawi*), arroyo toads (*Bufo californicus*), and desert tortoises.

The program for the September 26 meeting has not yet been determined.

The regular monthly meetings of the Chicago Herpetological Society now take place at Chicago's newest museum—the **Peggy Notebaert Nature Museum**. This beautiful new building is at Fullerton Parkway and Cannon Drive, directly across Fullerton from the Lincoln Park Zoo. Meetings are held the last Wednesday of each month, from 7:30 P.M. through 9:30 P.M. Parking is free on Cannon Drive. A plethora of CTA buses stop nearby.

Board of Directors Meeting

Are you interested in how the decisions are made that determine how the Chicago Herpetological Society runs? And would you like to have input into those decisions? If so, mark your calendar for the September 14 board meeting, to be held at the North Park Village Administration Building, 5801 North Pulaski Road, Chicago. To get there take the Edens Expressway, I-94, and exit at Peterson eastbound. Go a mile east to Pulaski, turn right and go south to the first traffic light. Turn left at the light into the North Park Village complex. At the entrance is a stop sign and a guardhouse. When you come to a second stop sign, the administration building is the large building ahead and to your left. There is a free parking lot behind the building.

The Chicago Turtle Club

The next meeting of the Chicago Turtle Club will be on Sunday, August 26, 1:00 – 4:00 P.M., at the North Park Village Nature Center, 5801 N. Pulaski, in Chicago. This will be a turtle film festival, presenting a number of short videos on turtle-related husbandry and conservation issues. Meetings are informal; questions, children and animals are welcome. Parking is free. For more info call Lisa Koester, (773) 508-0034, or visit the CTC website: http://www.geocities.com/~chicagoturtle.

DONATIONS TO THE JUNE 27 RAFFLE

The following is a listing of those businesses and individuals who generously donated items for our monthly raffle at the June 27 meeting. The donated items are shown in parentheses.

Fancy Publications (*Reptiles* magazine subscription); **Super Pet** (Hanging Gardens cage decor / Floating Island / Rock Pool Cover / Island Sanctuary); **Hagen** (OrnamentAlls cage decor); **Fauna** (*Fauna* magazine); **Jacobson Family** (herp novelties); **Steve Spitzer** (frog necktie); **Dr. Gery Herrmann–Mundelein Animal Hospital** (children's herp books / snake puppet); **Gary Fogel** (rubber snake); **Dr. Steve Barten–Vernon Hills Animal Hospital** (Dino-Rama poster); **Lori King** (Critter Comforts kit / snakes and ladders game); **Ron and Dotty Humbert** (aquarium power filter); **Sally Hajek** (herp color prints); **Charlotte Henkle** (aquarium / stand / screen top / light & fixture); **Dr. Cheryl Roge–Best Friends Animal Hospital** (heat lamp & fixture); **Fran Kostka–KFK Jewelry** (herp necklace); **CHS** (T-shirts).

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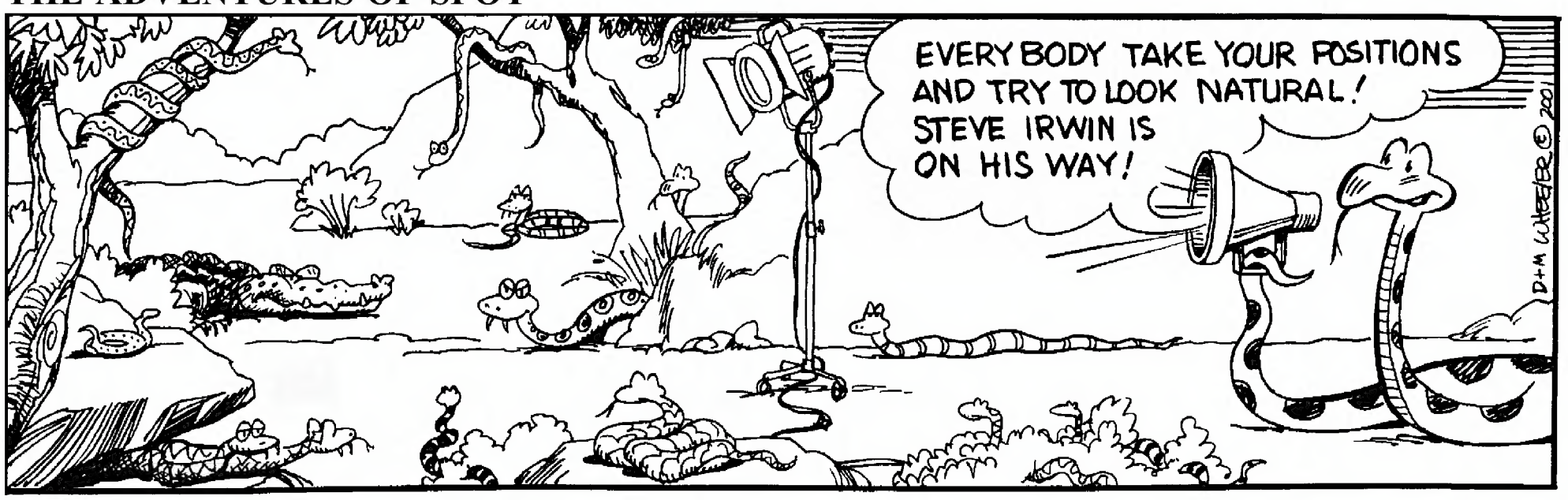

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